

Her. So will I grow, so live, so die my Lord,
Ere I will yeeld my virgin Patent vp
Vnto his Lordship, whose vnwished yoaके,
My soule consents not to giue soueraignty.

The. Take time to pause, and by the next new Moon
The sealing day betwixt my loue and me,
For euerslasting bond of fellowship:
Vpon that day either prepare to dye,
For disobedience to your fathers will,
Or else to wed *Demetrius* as hee would,
Or on *Dianas* Altar to proceke
For aie, austeritey, and single life.

Dem. Relent sweet *Hermia*, and *Lysander*, yeelde
Thy crazed title to my certaine right.

Lys. You haue her fathers loue, *Demetrius*:
Let me haue *Hermias*: do you marry him.

Egeus. Scornfull *Lysander*, true, he hath my Loue;
And what is mine, my loue shall render him.
And she is mine, and all my right of her,
I do estate vnto *Demetrius*.

Lys. I am my Lord, as well deri'd as he,
As well posselt: my loue is more then his:
My fortunes euery way as fairly ranck'd
(If not with vantage) as *Demetrius*:
And (which is more then all these boasts can be)
I am belou'd of beauteous *Hermia*.

Why should not I then prosecute my right?
Demetrius, Ile auouch it to his head,
Made loue to *Nedars* daughter, *Helena*,
And won her soule: and she (sweet Ladie) dotes,
Deuoutly dotes, dotes in Idolatry,
Vpon this spotted and inconstant man.

The. I must confesse, that I haue heard so much,
And with *Demetrius* thought to haue spoke thereof:
But being ouer-full of selfe-affaires,
My minde did lose it. But *Demetrius* come,
And come *Egeus*, you shall go with me,
I haue some priuate schooling for you both.
For you faire *Hermia*, looke you arme your selfe,
To fit your fancies to your Fathers will;
Or else the Law of Athens yeelds you vp
(Which by no means we may extenuate)
To death, or to a vow of single life.
Come my *Hippolita*, what cheare my loue?
Demetrius and *Egeus* go along:
I must impley you in some businesse
Against our nuptiall, and conferre with you
Of something, neerely that concerns your felues.

Ege. With dutie and desire we follow you. *Exeunt*
Maner Lysander and Hermia.

Lys. How now my loue? Why is your cheek so pale?
How chance the Roses there do fade so fast?

Her. Belike for want of raine, which I could well
Beteeme them, from the tempest of mine eyes.

Lys. For ought that euer I could reade,
Could euer heare by tale or historie,
The course of true loue neuer did run smooth,
But either it was different in blood.

Her. O crosse! too high to be enthal'd to loue.

Lys. Or else misgraffed, in respect of yeares.

Her. O spight! too old to be ingag'd to yong.

Lys. Or else it stood vpon the choise of merit.

Her. O hell! to chooise loue by anothers eie.

Lys. Or if there were a sympathie in choise,
Warre, death, or sicknesse, did lay siege to it;
Making it momentarie, as a sound:

Swift as a shadow, short as any dreame,
Briebe as the lightning in the collied night,
That (in a spleene) vnfolde both heauen and earth;
And ere a man hath power to say, behold,
The iawes of darknesse do deuoure it vp:
So quicke bright things come to confusion.

Her. If then true Louers haue beene euer crost,
It stands as an edict in destinie:
Then let vs teach our triall patience,
Because it is a customarie crosse,
As due to loue, as thoughts, and dreames, and sighes,
Wishes and teares; poore Fancies followers.

Lys. A good periwation; therefore heare me *Hermia*,
I haue a Widdow Aunt, a dowager,
Of great reuennue, and she hath no childe,
From Athens is her house remou'd seuen leagues,
And she respects me, as her onely sonne:
There gentle *Hermia*, may I marrie thee,
And to that place, the sharpe Athenian Law
Cannot pursue vs. If thou lou'st me, then
Steale forth thy fathers house to morrow night:
And in the wood, a league without the towne,
(Where I did meete thee once with *Helena*,
To do obseruance for a morne of May)
There will I stay for thee.

Her. My good *Lysander*,
I sweare to thee, by Cupids strongest bow,
By his best arrow with the golden head,
By the simplicitie of Venus Doves,
By that which knitteth soules, and prospers loue,
And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage Queene,
When the false Trojan vnder saile was scene,
By all the vovs that euer men haue broke,
(In number more then euer women spoke)
In that same place thou hast appointed me,
To morrow truly will I meete with thee.

Lys. Keepe promise loue: looke here comes *Helena*.

Enter Helena.

Her. God speede faire *Helena*, whither away?
Hel. Cal you me faire? that faire againe vnlay,
Demetrius loues you faire: O happie faire!
Your eyes are loadstarres, and your tongues sweet ayre
More tuneable then Larke to shepheards eare,
When wheate is Greene, when hauthorne buds appeare,
Sicknesse is catching: O were fauor so,
Your words I catch, faire *Hermia* ere I go,
My eare should catch your voice, my eye, your eye,
My tongue should catch your tongues sweet melodie,
Were the world mine, *Demetrius* being bated,
The rest Ile giue to be to you translated.
O teach me how you looke, and with what art
you sway the motion of *Demetrius* hart.

Her. I frowne vpon him, yet he loues me still.
Hel. O that your frownes would teach my smiles
such skil.

Her. I giue him curses, yet he giues me loue.

Hel. O that my prayers could such affection moue.

Her. The more I hate, the more he followes me.

Hel. The more I loue, the more he hateth me.

Her. His folly *Helena* is none of mine.

Hel. None but your beauty, wold that fault wer mine.

Her. Take comfort: he no more shall see my face,
Lysander and my selfe will flie this place.
Before the time I did *Lysander* see,
Seem'd Athens like a Paradise to mee.

O then, what graces in my Loue do dwell,
That he hath turn'd a heauen into hell.

Lys. *Helena*, to you our mindes we will vnfold,
To morrow night, when *Phabe* doth behold
Her siluer visage, in the watry glasse,
Decking with liquid pearle, the bladed grasse
(A time that Louers flights doth still conceale)
Through Athens gates, haue we deuise'd to steale.

Her. And in the wood, where often you and I,
Vpon faint Primrose beds, were wont to lye,
Emptying our bosomes, of their counsell sweld:
There my *Lysander*, and my selfe shall meete,
And thence from Athens turne away our eyes
To seeke new friends and strange companions,
Farwell sweet play-fellow, pray thou for vs,
And good lucke grant thee thy *Demetrius*.
Keepe word *Lysander* we must starue our fight,
From louers foode, till morrow deepe midnight.
Exit Hermia.

Lys. I will my *Hermia*. *Helena* adieu,
As you on him, *Demetrius* dotes on you. *Exit Lysander.*

Hel. How happy some, ore other some can be?

Through Athens I am thought as faire as she.
But what of that? *Demetrius* thinks not so:

He will not know, what all, but he doth know,
And as hee eies, doting on *Hermias* eyes;

So I, admiring of his qualities:
Things base and vilde, holding no quantity,
Loue can transpoe to forme and dignity,
Loue looks not with the eyes, but with the minde,
And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blinde.

Nor hath loues minde of any iudgement taste:
Wings and no eyes, figure, vnheedy haste.
And therefore is Loue said to be a childe,
Because in choise he is often beguil'd,

As waggish boyes in game themselves forswear;
So the boy Loue is periu'd euery where.

For ere *Demetrius* lookt on *Hermias* eyne,
He hail'd downe oathes that he was onely mine.

And when this haile some heat from *Hermia* felt,
So he dissolud, and shewes of oathes did melt,

I will goe tell him of faire *Hermias* flight:
Then to the wood will he, to morrow night

Pursue her; and for his intelligence,
If I haue thanks, it is a deere expence:

But heerein meane I to enrich my paine,
To haue his sight thither, and backe againe. *Exit.*

Enter Quince the Carpenter, Snug the Ioyner, Bottom the
Weauer, Flute the bellows-mender, Snout the Tinker, and
Starveling the Taylor.

Quin. Is all our company heere?

Bot. You were best to call them generally, man by
man, according to the scrip.

Quin. Here is the scrowle of euery mans name, which
is thought fit through all Athens, to play in our Enter-
lude before the Duke and the Dutches, on his wedding
day at night.

Bot. First, good *Peter Quince*, say what the play treats
on: then read the names of the Actors: and so grow on
to appoint.

Quin. Marry our play is the most lamentable Come-
dy, and most cruell death of *Pyramus* and *Thisbe*.

Bot. A very good peece of worke I assure you, and a

merry, Now good *Peter Quince*,
by the scrowle, Masters spreake

Quince. Answer as I can
Weauer.

Bottom. Ready; name
proceed.

Quince. You *Nicke Bottom*
ramus.

Bot. What is *Pyramus*, a lo

Quin. A Louer that kills his

loue.

Bot. That will aske some

ming of it: if I do it, let the au

I will mooue stormes; I will

To the rest yet, my chiefe hum

play *Ercles* rarely, or a part to

split the raging Rocks; and th

the locks of prison gates, and

from farre, and make and ma

was lofty. Now name the r

is *Ercles* yaine, a tyrants vaine

ling.

Quin. *Francis Flute* the Be

Flu. Heere *Peter Quince*.

Quin. You must take *This*

Flu. What is *Thisbe*, a wa

Quin. It is the Lady that A

Flu. Nay faith, let not m

beard comming.

Quin. That's all one, you sh

you may speake as small as you

Bot. And I may hide my fac

Ile speake in a monstrous little

Pyramus my louer deare, thy

deare.

Quin. No no, you must pla

Thuby.

Bot. Well, proceed.

Quin. *Robin Starveling* the T

Star. Heere *Peter Quince*.

Quince. *Robin Starveling*

mother?

Tom Snout, the Tinker.

Snout. Heere *Peter Quince*.

Quin. You, *Pyramus* fath

Snugge the Ioyner, you the *Lyc*

is a play fitted.

Snug. Haue you the *Lions*

be, giue it me, for I am slow of

Quin. You may doe it ext

but roaring.

Bot. Let mee play the *Lyc*

will doe any mans heart good

that I will make the Duke say,

him roare againe.

Quin. If you should doe it

fright the Dutchesse and the

shrike, and that were enough

All. That would hang vs

Bottom. I graunt you fri

fright the Ladies, out of th

haue no more discretion but

grauate my voyce so, that I

any sucking Dowe; I will roa

gale.

Quin. You can play no par